

One Of My Favourites

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by [diapason](#)

Summary

Or, 5 times Dream was noticed by George, and 1 time George really noticed Dream.

(vlogger au! george is youtube famous and dream is just a fan, until he isn't >:))

Notes

spat this out in uhhh 5 hours lol enjoy

(no intent to comment on the relationship status of the real people that this work of fiction is based on! if dream or george asks us to remove dnf works i will!)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The first time Clay gets any indication that George Davidson knows of his existence is when, a minute or so into an online class, his phone starts blowing the fuck up.

He mutes the call, turns off his camera, and pulls the constantly vibrating device out of his pocket to see Twitter notifications rolling down the screen at a rate of multiple mentions per second. *What*

the hell? And once his phone stops lagging out enough for him to get past the lock screen and into the relevant app, the top of the screen is still obscured every three seconds with a new popup -

@dreamwastaken is gogy's new boyfriend apparently!

bow down to @dreamwastaken king of the stans

You've achieved what we all dreamed of, @dreamwastaken, have my follow for no reason

So, double what the hell.

When he works his way through settings to mute Twitter, it's much easier to come back to the app. *This must be what it feels like to be famous.* But why is he famous all of a sudden? It's not like he did anything special on Twitter earlier, just thirst-tweeted George like any other day, and if it was like any other day then there was no reason for anything to actually come of those thirst tweets.

The best option seems to be to check George's account and see what actually happened, so he does. And the main tweets are completely normal -

50k likes for me to film with wilbur again?

NEW VIDEO: I Ate Only What My Friends Suggested For 24 Hours

Rendering!!

- but it's when he clicks through to the replies that things get a lot clearer and a lot more confusing at the same time.

@dreamwastaken no u

Because that's *him*. And George has *mentioned him*.

He taps on the tweet itself to find the thread. Oh, god, that's not a tweet he's particularly proud of (well, is he proud of anything he's ever tweeted about George?). The exchange looks a little like this:

OOMFs motivate me to film more today :(

@realgeorgedavidson george you're literally the sexiest man alive i'll watch anything you do

@dreamwastaken no u

And, of course, the thousands of replies below it, basically amounting to "who the fuck is Dream and why did he of all people get a response?" It's not like he even has his face on his profile, for god's sake. He's totally tuned out of the class by now, reading tweet after tweet after tweet that ranges from bewilderment to jealousy to hate.

@dreamwastaken get him like we got maia girls

Oh, shit. He'd always felt bad for what they did to Maia, practically scaring her off the platform for life. If the fandom comes for him, too, he's gonna get chased away a lot easier. Which is why it's a huge breath of relief for an error message to suddenly pop up at the bottom of the screen and for, when he refreshes, the offending George tweet to be gone altogether, vanished off the thread.

Should he delete his too? His follow count has already quintupled, shooting him well past the thousand follower mark, and he is sure that there are already screenshots documenting the whole event, as short of a duration as it might have lasted for. In the end, he reckons there's not much point.

He turns off DMs for all except people he follows and tunes back into the class. He can't afford to fail, even if he has just been inexplicably noticed by his one true love.

The second time Clay becomes sure that George Davidson knows of his existence is an hour or two later when he's doomscrolling on any other platform, quickly and reflexively pops onto Twitter for a second, and sees that George has messaged him.

Hi sorry about earlier!

This breaks him very briefly. He clicks through to the page, just to make doubly sure that that verified tick is real. There he is, RealGeorgeDavidson, four million followers, no new tweets.

One new reply, though.

@jamesmarriott no u

Well, THAT explains everything.

no problem, he fires back to George, hands only shaking a little, misclick right?

George replies in under a minute, which he's not sure how he should react to.

Yeah I was aiming for James and your tweet was right there, sorry again I saw everyone jump on the mistake

ahaha that makes sense

He must sound like such an idiot.

They're still indirecting you so maybe don't check the dreamwastaken tag?

Or the... the gream tag LOL

g. g r e a m

Now this, he HAS to see.

asdfghjsdk why am i so invested in gream they literally exchanged 2 words but i just,, really want

this random guy to score gogy idk

Not my whole tl shipping gream all of a sudden??? Wigy fandom I know youre out there speak to me

blocking gream stannies i dont care he will never be wilbur

He has... shippers?

Yeah LOL I don't really get it either

what the fuck are they... basing this off

I mean, your tweet was pretty suggestive

i. im so sorry george you were never meant to see that

or any of my tweets

my whole account really it's a mess

I haven't actually checked it yet!

GOOD DONT

omg im sorry this is uh not really computing for me

George is silent for a threatening twenty two seconds. Not that Clay's counting.

You have an active imagination

IM LITERALLY GOING TO KILL MYSELF BYE

Can't a man be curious about his fans' opinions?

npt these ones i

*george for your own sake block me i can't promise that i'll stop being thirsty on main and you
don't need to see that*

You're funny, Dream

my names clay lmao

idk why im telling you but

It was nice meeting you then, Clay

you too :)

He closes the app and screams into his pillow for a moment, because apparently his life has become a fanfiction, because he just had a full on CONVERSATION with his one true love.

The third time Clay becomes very concerned that George Davidson knows of his existence is the next morning, where he rolls over in bed under the harsh, unclouded sunlight from his permanently open blinds and checks Twitter to see that @realgeorgedavidson is following him.

There's a million more mentions since the stans noticed a few hours ago while Dream was still sleeping - the five hour timezone divide clearly makes a difference to spot things like these. George's follow came in three hours ago, Clay finally finds once he's read past enough notifications. Did he think he could get away with following Clay early in the morning and not having the American crowd notice? Europe is certainly having a field day with it.

IT'S GEORGE ACTUALLY FOLLOWING THIS @DREAMWASTAKEN GUY FOR ME

im proud of u @dreamwastaken come get yall mans

Why does this whole @dreamwastaken business like. hurt actually gogy was MY husband

He consults his schedule and decides that his recorded lectures can wait, because he's got to get more details out of George about this.

hey did you mean to follow me?

It's a painful four and a half minutes. He almost considers rewatching the colourblind glasses vlog to lift his spirits before George's typing bubble finally pops up.

Sure! Why not?

idk it just feels like a risky move

for your career i mean

you're supposed to be like. unattainable n shit i guess

Is that what people think of me?

its how i see it i guess

not that i have a lot of mutuals in the fandom to compare with

Well, we had a nice conversation and I like the story, so I didn't see any reason not to follow you!

Do you mind if I use it in a Story Shots?

i. yes you can use it

Awesome! I'll send you the script before I bring it to the team

cool

He's not sure why he never considered the, in hindsight, very obvious fact that Story Shots are scripted in advance. George is just that good of a storyteller, he supposes.

So how long have you been watching for?

*well uh my first vid was day in the life brighton and that was like two weeks old when i got there so
i guess... 3 years omg*

You remember the first video you saw? That's adorable

... as if you couldn't already tell im obsessed lmaooo

Good point

How old are you anyway?

im 21? lol

Awesome

Just wanted to make sure you weren't literally a child LOL, maybe left that a little too late though

i. yeah ur lucky because u... already called me adorable and funny and i aaaaaaaaaa

I should really stop underestimating the effect I can have on people

u think

Which he considers unsending, for the brief second before the read receipt comes through and it's

too late - so he decides that this is it, the conversation's over, no matter what George says.

Or maybe I just like getting you flustered?

It takes all the power he has to turn off the phone and leave behind the utterly life-ruining, concentration-obliterating words of his one true love.

The fourth time Clay is unfortunately reminded that George Davidson knows of his existence is a crawling two days and one upload later (on which his comment was actually *found* and received 48k likes from the “Gream” crowd who hounded him with cries of *WHY IS GEORGE FOLLOWING YOU* and *WHY HAVEN'T YOU TWEETED SINCE THEN* and *DO YOUR SHOES NEED SHINING DREAM* from a couple of... fans of him? He's very glad he privated the embarrassing Minecraft content he made as a kid, or he's sure a million new people would immediately discover his squeaky preteen voice and immediately lose all second-hand respect they have for him... scoring George apparently), when George DMs him again.

Sorry if I came on too strong

He almost laughs.

you fucked me up all week with that one i dont remember a thing i learned in college yesterday

Oh, I'm so sorry!

you better be that was a dick move to mess with me like that

Mess with you?

shut the fuck up

as if you dont know what im talking abt

fame doesnt give you the right to pretend you like a fan lol

He has to leave the app and stare at whatever Instagram Reel is playing for as long as it takes George to answer for himself. The positivity post beams straight past his eyes and out the other side of his head - there's no room in this brain for bisexual positivity right now, because his bisexuality is the very thing that's been making his life so damn negative since George made that stupid misclick.

Ding.

Clay, nothing about what I said was pretend.

oh fuck you

If you want me to stop messaging you I can, OK? I don't want to hurt you, you're clearly at least as invested as I am and I don't want you to think I'm not being sincere

im

fuck

i cant words rn this doesnt. feel real

Take as much time as you need, Clay. If there's anything I can do to prove myself to you, let me know

god i wish i had someone to talk to abt this but. no one would believe me lmaoooo

I can put you on the line with another team member?

dlgkdjdshdl no i think my brain would actually explode if i talked to another esquad member right now

Alright. I'll be here for another two hours, we're done filming for the day

george, he types, and then deletes it.

George is interested in him. A guy he barely knows, a guy from another country, a guy whose face he hasn't seen and whose voice he hasn't heard and whose only real interaction with him before this week had been constant thirst tweets and literally nothing else. For fuck's sake, he didn't even know for certain George was *queer* before this. Of course there had always been fan theories, but they were just as powerfully quashed by sensible fandom leaders who insisted that they shouldn't speculate and that the E-Squad's sexualities would be revealed if and when the members wanted to talk about them. Clay has never let himself believe any of the talk anyway. Until now, where it stares him in the face and the onus is on *him*, somehow, to decide if he wants *George* to lay off the compliments.

God, what is his life?

youve never even seen my face george

how can you talk like that without even knowing how ugly i am lol

Don't say that! If you're as nice as you make me sound, which I'm sure you are, then I won't be disappointed

shut up ur on another level im painfully average

Prove it to me then?

Something about the text fires off an errant signal in his brain, and before he knows it, he's pulled up the camera. Then he spends a couple of minutes overanalysing his clothes, his teeth, the way his hair falls, and by the time he's made it all acceptable to take a photo of, anxiety is setting back in.

i might die if you look at me

If you're not comfortable with any of this, please stop me

no

i just

ur literally george like ur GEORGE

and im. some guy

Am I not also some guy?

no ur so much more george you know how i feel youve read my tweets youre

like

untouchable ig

What can I do to break that image that you have of me?

i. idk honestly idk george

idk what im even doing rn

Is there anything you're supposed to be doing?

uh no not really im done w school for the day

Great!

And then, as if things couldn't get any stranger, an *Instagram* notification pops up. He almost knows what it's going to say before he reads it. Gogy (@realgeorgedavidson) has started following you.

whyd you,,, do that

I wanted to know if you'd be OK with video calling?

GEORGE

YOU CANT JUST ASK THAT

If it's not OK please don't hesitate to tell me!

its. fine by me i think i dont know i dont know anything what the fuck is my life

I still think you're funny :)

True to form, the next notification comes in - Gogy wants to send you a message. It's just another smiley face. He accepts, and sends one back, and then before he knows it the video icon has lit up blue, and he's not scared to admit this time that his hands do shake on their way to join the call. The urge to fix his hair again comes back in a cold wave, and so that's what he's doing when the black loading screen suddenly illuminates with George and that megawatt smile, it's *him*, there he is, George Davidson, his one true love.

"George."

"Hi."

The fifth time Clay realises just how intimately George Davidson knows of his existence is three weeks and sixteen video calls later when he gets a Twitter DM from him again, which is weird, because they've all but entirely switched to Instagram at this point, since somehow the stans never quite connected both of his profiles in the time it took Dream to private the account and change the username to something innocuous that George might not be questioned for following. It's a YouTube link, which he follows, which brings up an unlisted video on the six-subscriber-having channel "gog".

"Dream Was Taken: A Dramatic Reading by George Davidson," says the George on screen in shitty webcam quality and faded orange light, and Clay just about loses his mind.

fuck you im not watching that did you actually

George's response is quick as ever.

You have to watch the whole thing, I promise you'll love it!!

So, infuriated and in love as he is, he presses play again.

“Okay, so our story starts on the twenty-fourth of May 2017, where we see the transformation of the humble Clay into a full-blown stan account. It begins as such -” and he honest-to-god clears his throat like he's about to amend the constitution “- ‘I don't know who Gogy is, but if the TL’ (and he says tee-ell, not timeline, and Clay melts a little bit) ‘demands it, I'll go check him out.’ Then we have another tweet from the same day, ‘tell me why I've never seen this man before? I am in LOVE.’”

He can tell that he'd capitalised the “love” from George's emphasis alone, and something warm in George's eyes makes his smile just a little sweeter.

“Then, the next day, we see the affliction get worse, as he writes, ‘unfollow me now, this man's gonna be the only thing I tweet about for weeks, fuck’, followed by ‘George Davidson has my whole heart and it's only been fourteen hours’, followed by ‘no seriously, I just watched ALL of his content overnight, I'm not joking, ALL of it, and I already want more’. As you can see, the specimen has developed the unfortunate condition of being a massive simp, for which there is currently no known cure, except for being the lucky one-in-a-million boy who actually gets a response and happens to be exactly George's type.”

If Clay keeps smiling as hard as he is, his face is gonna fall off.

George continues in the same manner, documenting Clay's slow but inevitable downfall from content appreciation to parasocial adoration to being full-on horny on main. “One of my favourites, actually, is the tweet from Halloween 2019, where he replied to the group costume with ‘rail me, Gogy, and to the rest of you, good morning, I guess?’ I don't know why I find it so funny - oh, and I also liked the time he tweeted ‘George, do your shoes need shining?’ every day for six weeks at the start of quarantine, that was good. I think I actually did see that while it was happening, but I didn't reply, obviously. You know I wear trainers, Clay, they don't need shining.”

this videos so dumb

You like it? The team wanted to read with me, but I insisted this was second channel material. Not

that I have a second channel, LOL

well clearly u do and it's this one

what else is on here

Oh it's all unlisted but you can subscribe if you want to

farming subs as ever i see you greedy bitch

:(

cant stay mad at u george lmao

Should we get pet names? I feel like we should get pet names

that feels like. uh. boyfriend territory to me

Do you not want to take things that far?

oh

no holy sdhit i do

obviously sfksjsjdkdfkl

i just

like. ur image

How many times do I have to tell you that I don't WANT that to be my image?

Do you know how weird it is to find out that people consider you an unattainable figure? I want to be normally attainable, I want to feel like a friend, not a higher status

*its the whole never saying i love you thing i think
that kinda forms the foundations of the vibe
idk george a lot of things i thought i knew about u are really wrong*

That's the magic of the camera ;)

Keep watching!

“Right, we’re coming up on the end of the account here, coming to the last few days of replies - there’s a big spike, actually, about three and a half weeks ago, where he’s probably come online and just responded to everything I’ve said in the last few days. We have, let’s see, ‘render me unable to walk, Daddy’, and there’s a little slash-j after that which as we all know means genuine...” He’s not quite sure if George is joking and he’s not sure which scenario makes him laugh harder. “Then he’s said ‘love the new vid, mayonnaise looks good on you’, and another slash-j, so that’s fun. Then we have ‘sure, Wilbur is cool, but if I get one like will you film with me?’” and it has twenty thousand likes now so I suppose we’ll have to, won’t we?”

really?

Really what :)

film w me?

If you want to!

im camera shy,,

You seem alright when you’re talking to me?

that’s because it’s YOU george <3

Oh, fair dos

“And finally, the last tweet before a stan became a success, the ever wonderful and EVER quoted at me, literally, all hours of the day, please stop it, Will, there’s ‘George, you’re literally the sexiest man alive, I’ll watch anything you do.’ Which is a pretty good one to end it off on before your account got discovered, right?” He laughs, not waiting for a response, because why would he? This must have been filmed hours ago, accounting for rendering time. “And I wanted to test that, where you said you’d watch anything, so if you’re seeing this then text me, because if you’re willing to sit through, er -” he checks the laptop he’s filming from “- almost half an hour of cringe as I read your thirst tweets back to you, you absolutely deserve my phone number.”

And then the screen goes black but for a string of numbers in white comic sans that start in +4479 and end in a brand new contact in Clay’s phone. He’s not sure if international texting incurs extra costs, so he boots up WhatsApp for the first time since grade school.

i love you so much, he texts.

And *I think I feel the same*, replies his one true love.

George is standing just around the corner from the baggage claim at Heathrow.

A few fans have approached him already, which is very surprising, considering the fact that it’s past midnight and these kids seem very much like they should be in bed rather than hanging around at the airport. Maybe they have important members of the family coming to visit, maybe they just stalked him here because they had nothing better to do with their time - he doesn’t care. He takes the pictures and he signs the backs of receipts and he likes the tweets when they pop up in his mentions minutes later. None of it really matters, because five months later, he’s finally about to see Clay in person.

And as if by magic a tall, blonde figure appears through the doorway in front of him that he knows all too well at that very moment. He looks dead on his feet - the flight was long, for sure, and no internet must have killed him - dragging a suitcase that he assumes matches the hoodie he’s long since learnt is green, Clay’s favourite colour. Green like his eyes, apparently. He’d need to test the colourblind glasses on him sometime.

Clay is, poetically, ruffling his hair when he looks up and meets George’s eyes. George can’t help but smile, bringing a hand to his mouth to hide the grin as best he can, as Clay’s entire face lights up and his posture rises at the sight of his boyfriend. He seems to make the steps to run into George’s arms, but is quickly confronted with the unfortunately awkward setup of the arrivals barrier and forced to duck under the metal with speed, at the price of being utterly graceless in

front of a few dozen dead-eyed tourists and travellers who've just come from Florida too. He pulls himself to his feet just inches from George. Good god is he tall - George has it bad enough with Wilbur and James around to make him look like a dwarf, doesn't he? This is unfair.

"George," Clay's saying, George realises beyond the rushing in his ears. It's really him.

"Is this what you felt like when I replied to your tweet in the beginning?"

"Like what?" He's smiling. George can see a gap in his teeth. He loves it.

"Starstruck," he breathes.

"Maybe," Clay shrugs. The smile is still there and still beautiful. George isn't sure if he wants to kiss it away or stay still and just admire it forever. God, he's *real*.

"How did you deal with it?"

"I didn't, really," he admits, "I was in class."

"How are classes?" Distantly, George notes he's moving closer.

"Good, good. I have nothing until Wednesday, so we're in the clear all weekend and then some."

"Good," he repeats. That smile is right in his eyeline. Teasing him.

"What's got you so distracted, babe?" They've been trying that one out lately. He likes the way it feels in Clay's mouth. He wonders how else Clay's mouth might feel.

"You," he answers honestly. There's no room for much else in his head.

"Me?"

“Your smile. It’s better off camera.”

“Yours is too, I think. It’s been hiding from me this whole time.”

“Sorry -” he pulls the hand down, and it hits Clay in the arm as he’s bringing it up “- oh!”

“No, no, don’t worry, I’m fine, I was just...”

And then he’s holding George’s face, his hand wrapped around George’s rapidly warming cheek, and their eyes are meeting again, and he’s really, really real, and...

impact.

The kiss is magical.

When his eyes open again, and his lungs catch his brain up on the whole needing to breathe thing, he feels stares on the back of his head.

Somebody says, “is that Dream?”

And they both burst out laughing, because of COURSE that one little exchange survived this long in the fanbase’s memory, how could they expect it any other way?

So they don’t kiss again until they’re in the car park, blocking out the smell of hundreds of vehicles and tire tracks on concrete, stealthy, watching for their taxi and for cameras just in case.

And then they’re being driven back to London, and George feels soft fabric hit his shoulder, and then he’s getting hair in his eyes, and before he knows it Clay is sleeping in his lap, curled up and barely fitting across two and a half seats, seatbelt contorted to offer no real sense of protection but still technically on. *At least his legs will be alright*, George thinks, stroking his head as gently as he can, losing himself in the rhythm until he almost falls asleep too.

And then they're here, they're home, and the rest of the guys are asleep as George unlocks the door and herds his sleepy boyfriend (his boyfriend! Who is really here!) up to bed with him, suitcase forgotten in the hallway, and they're practically making out by the time they're up the stairs and George has to push the door to his (their) bedroom open with his back because his hands are busy.

(And maybe in the morning he's going to have some explaining to do to the rest of the E-Squad about bringing a boy home from another country in the middle of the night without even telling anyone you'd bought him the tickets, but Clay will be asleep through that and he knows his friends aren't going to stay upset.)

And then Clay wakes up and they're here, together.

He's with his one true love.

End Notes

yes i published this at 4am what about it >:(

comment i dare you

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